

*Benham,*¹ July
ijth.

I took my destination on Wednesday
 to come
 to this place for a few days, in order
 to break
 the uniformity of my life, and dissipate
 my gloom
 by varying the scene. I am afraid I
 have not
 succeeded, nor am likely to succeed, in
 shaking
 off the black goddess or god, I know not
 which,
 from the crupper, where it is fixed like
 the old
 man in Sinbad's story. But, at all
 events, the
 jaunt will benefit my health, and kill
 that now
 bitter enemy of mine—Time. Alas! till
 now he
 and I were on better terms* I
 remember, when
 we were such friends, I was always
 sorry when
 he ran from me, and lamented that he
 fled so
 quick!

About eight o'clock I arrived with my
 port-
 manteau at the Gloucester coffee-house,
 and finding
 room in the Bath mail, put myself
 into it, and
 at four yesterday morning arrived at
 Newbury,
 where I slept on a greasy chair by
 the side of
 the kitchen fire, surrounded by crickets
 and black-
 beetles, till about seven, when I was
 wakened by
 a ploughboy burning cheese at the fire

for his
breakfast. I thought the strong smell
that woke

I The county residence of the Margrave of
Anspach